Locally   3 wheel [illegible] Bike

Dear Santa,

We are from Waveland and our home was at:
[redacted] Keller St.

We are now living at:

Address: FEMA trailer in our front yard

City ________ State ________ Zipcode ________

Phone No. [redacted] (cell)

Our family consists of:

Geri [redacted] (mom) Gil [redacted] (papa) Lizzie [redacted] -our
21 year old autistic daughter, Jody [redacted] (our 25 year old
Son who is a Hancock County Sheriff's Deputy and his new wife,
Beth who is also 21.

Our Katrina experience was:

We stayed at the Diamondhead Ramada Inn - the top floor was badly
damaged & Jody, AJ (his best friend, also a HCSD) and another Deputy
Kent, had to climb up to the second floor to rescue people trapped up
there. Jody worked from 5am til 8 or 9pm for 9 straight days
without a break - searching and rescuing, bringing injured
people to the hospital, bringing supplies to "his" people in Bayside
see back

Write something special that you would like Santa to bring you or your family:

More than anything - Papa home for Christmas - with the ramp built.
If this is not possible then maybe a new three wheel adult bicycle
for our poor Lizzie. I know it's very late, and if neither can be
done we surely understand - and we commend all of you for caring
about our city and it's families.

Please use back or another sheet of paper, if you want to write more. We want to hear your story.

Return by November 30th to:

Mayor's Office, City of Waveland, P. O. Box 539, Waveland, MS 39576

Park.

We were allowed to stay in a small camper at the Command Operations Center (the Super Wal Mart parking lot) My husband Gil, who is critically ill (he's spent over 800 days in hospitals in the last 4 years) was airlifted to Mobile Hospital. While the rest of us were at the C.O. Center I volunteered at the mess tent that Polk County, FL sheriff's set up to feed almost 500 police, sheriff's, firemen, search + rescue people.

We moved to a little camper in our front yard. Our house had over 8 ft of water and we lost everything including Jody's truck, Beth's car and my mini van. Papa was still at the Mobile Hospital.

Jody + Beth got a FEMA trailer put in our front yard. Lizzie + I stayed in the little camper but after a while it developed a propane leak and we had no heat, hot water, stove and then the little fridge broke. In order to use our toilet at night, after Beth + Jody went to sleep, we lined it with a plastic garbage bag which I would remove whenever we "went", throw it in the trash, then line the toilet with a new bag.

Papa ran out of Medicare days and they moved him to a nursing home in Moss Point, MS called the Singing River Rehab Center. He is very distraught to not be with us through all the terrible things we've been through and Lizzie misses him horribly.

Lizzie is disintegrating rapidly. She screams, bites herself, and pulls her hair. For the last 2 weeks or so, she stays in her bunk, with her pillow + 4 or 5 covers over her. We have to make her get up to eat and bathroom, then she goes back under her covers. We took her to the Hancock ER last week - she was dehydrated and has lost almost 10 pounds (she now weighs about 110)

This past Thursday we got our beautiful FEMA ADA trailer and now Papa can come home - as soon as a ramp is built and we can have him, his electric wheelchair and his medical equipment and edications home. This could very well be his last Christmas - having to spend Thanksgiving without him was devastating. Lizzie + I only see him nce a week, when Beth has a day off and can bring us.

A FEMA gentleman explained that there is a week and a half to 2 week delay to get a ramp built.

Lizzie had a 3 wheel bicycle. It made it through the storm as did mine. My son allowed the neighbors down the street to use it - thinking they would use it to ride up to the highway to fill the basket on the back c̄ supplies. Instead, their big 19 year old son rode it up and down with his 2 younger brothers riding in the basket and they bent the frame. Now when I tried to ride it, it keeps steering off to the right - Lizzie cannot ride it without going in a ditch.